ice, had collected all of the available rebel troops in Georgia, Tennessee and the Carolinas, and was prepared, with some twentyfive or thirty thousand men of all arms, to make one desperate effort to stop Sherman's advance towards Richmond, or at least to Company Q Helps the Wagon Train defeat his left wing. He accordingly took up a strong position and fortified it, near the little village of Bentonville, a town from

which the battle ensuing derived its name. "Johnston's presence was unknown to the Union troops in his front, as he had covered his movements by the aid of strong bodies of cavalry; hence, when Carlin's men moved out past Morgan's Division (already formed in line) on the morning of the 19th to lead the Corps, they did so with buoyant spirits and the long, have placed Morgan in the rear encumbered | when they need it. with the trains mentioned. Therefore, Morgan | There seemed to be no limit to the physical (Carlin's) advance struck the enemy, and

AT ONCE BECAME HOTLY ENGAGED. Morgan's troops hurried forward, past ammunition wagons, batteries and ambulances, on the rnn, or double-quick, and, by orders of Gen. Davis, dashed on into a pine forest, thick with underbrush, immediately on the right of Carlin, while the two divisions of the Twentieth Corps were brought up with all possible speed and placed on his left. The Confederates occupied low, swampy ground. Their position was well screened by a dense pine forest, and was approached by the Union forces, in most places, over small cleared fields.

"At the beginning of the battle the men of Carlin's Division advanced with confident steps to what they expected would be but a repetition of their former easy victories of recent campaigns, and at one time one of his brigades-the Second, I believe-gained a position within six rods of the enemy's intrenchments; but the storm of lead and iron was too severe to be withstood, and at length the entire division was compelled to fall back to the shelter of a low acclivity, yet within musket range of the

The battle raged with wavering fortunes all the rest of the day. Johnston, in the hope of destroying, before reinforcements could come up, a force much less than his own, forced the fight at all points; but the men who here represented the Union arms were veterans, the surviving heroes of Donelson, Pittsburg Landing. Island No. 10, Corinth, Perryville, Stone River, Chickamanga, Mission Ridge and Lookout Mountain, besides the score of battles fought during the Atlanta campaign; while the troops of the Twentieth Corps had breasted the leaden storm on the Peninsula, at Chantilly, Antictam, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville and Gettysburg, before joining the Army of the Cumberland in the Autumn of 1863. All were men who had been out two months from Savannah, receiving during that time no mails, newspapers, or tidings from home, and they did not propose to be stopped in their onward march | now, nor to assist in filling rebel prison-pens hereafter. The oft-repeated assaults of the enemy were met by a withering fire and counter-charges which sent them hurrying back to the shelter of the woods.

"While Carlin's Division and the Twentieth Corps were so warmly engaged on the left and center, Morgan was equally busy in the pines on the right, and his First Brigade, under Vandever, had the best fortune of any of the troops engaged in the battle of that day. This brigade was stationed on the extreme right, and its right flank was secured by a vast swamp, a lich was in passable for large organized bodies of men. During the intervals between the charges of the enemy this brigade was enabled to creet leg breastworks, the trees being felled

and cut into the required length with hatchets, of which nearly every man carried one in his waist belt. Late in the afternoon, during a despetate charge on Morgan's left, a portion of the Union line gave way, and a column of the enemy passed through the gap. Wheeling to the left they moved down is rear of Vandever's occupy the front side of their own works, from before which their opponents had just been driven. Here

A SHORT, SHARP ACTION dever's men leaping forward in a charge, engaging their enemy hand to hand, and compelling the surrender, in a body, of several hendred Confederates."

forms all readers, Johnston soon after aban- him like a blessed benediction. doned the field of his last defeat.

He was brave, active, unostentatious, patient, rapidly. and untiring; and during all of those terrible | Up to the time of which we are writing the years of war I have no recollection that he was | band of the 200th had held its own pretty well. ever absent from his command, either on leave | An occasional colic or other ailment had creof absence or by reason of illness. He earned ated a temporary vacancy, but those who were his pay, and it ever seemed to be his endeavor | left blew all the louder, and the vacuum caused to make the boys carn theirs. His Chief of by the absence of a horn or two was not missed Staff, Capt. Theo. Wiseman, was also an exceed- in the general racket. But it was not long till ingly efficient officer.

his crossing and recrossing the enemy's lines, B-flat bass took an overdose of green corn, went and the seeming indifference and lack of spirit to the hospital, and his horn was heard no their knapsacks and shoulder their guns, and manifested by some of the Confederate soldiers | more. The E-flat cornet proved to be a | the procession again moved forward. But the at the battle of Bentonville, reminds me of "tenderfoot," and after hobbling along on boys soon had their knapsacks hauging on the another incident of this battle which, though it his blisters for a few days he gave it up and was a matter of general comment among us at | quit. The clarionet player gradually weakened | the time, has probably never found its way into | and finally went to the rear, without anything | print. It was about as follows: Rather late | the matter, on the face of the returns, except in the afternoon of the 19th, at a time when | that his "sand" had run out. The piccoloist the fight along Vandever's line was at its knew when he had got enough and deserted. driver yelled and cracked his whip in vain. hight, the ammunition of his men became well- A wagon wheel ran over the trombone and renigh exhausted. A detail of the 16th III. was | duced it to a chaotic wreck. The man who sent to the rear with orders to

FIND THE AMMUNITION WAGONS regiment as speedily as possible. Time passed, similar casualties followed, and soon there were assistance. seemingly sufficient for the return of the detail, | not enough of them to play an intelligible tune. | racing fiercely between the men of Carlin's Division, nided by the Twentieth Corps, and the Confederates. At this juncture many of the 16th lil., as well as others of the brigade, leaped over their works and sought for eartridges on the persons of the dead and wounded rebels, who strewed the ground not more than 50 yards away. While engaged in this rather unpleasant though self-imposed task some men of the 15th III, were closely observed by a tall, well-formed North Carolinian, who, having received a severe wound in his leg, had attended to the injury as well as he could, and, with knapsack still slung, had secured as safe a position as possible behind a large pine, where he reclined upon his back. After watching our men for a few moments, this Confederate

"AWhat are you'uns looking for, cartridges?" "Yes," was the reply. "Well, Vanks, turn me over keerfully and

look in my knapsack. You'll thar find 40 rounds. Take 'em and use 'em. I hope you'll whip our army to-day and end the wah. I am tired of it. We'uns all started out in this fight with a rounds-40 in our cartridge-boxes and 40 in knapsacks."

It is meedless, perhaps, to state that this soldier, and others of his wounded comrades, rats and the "pip." So at last the Drum-Major were taken to our side of the works and cared and the survivors of the band were sent back | uneven. More than once the wagon was only for; that our men soon secured a considerable and mustered out, and the 200th saw them no kept from overturning by the efforts of those department did not for a moment enter his quantity of British-manufactured cartridges more. rear, as described in a preceding paragraph. At in the enjoyment of the "picnic" he told combination of all the physical forces at hand the same time we recaptured our detail of men | Shorty they would have.

Over a Bad Road.

BY W. .. HINMAN, 65TH OHIO. [Copyright, 1886.] No. XXII.

"The Cap'n says we've got a mighty hard road to travel to-day," said the Orderly of Comswinging stride so peculiar with this army. | pany Q one morning, after he had got down to Baird, with the trains, etc., having been de- | Z,in calling the roll. "Our Company 's delayed by roads almost impassable, was too far | tailed to march with the wagons 'n' help 'em in the rear to take his accustomed place next to | along. I reck'n the mules 'll have more 'n they Carlin, which, had he been able so to do, would kin manage, 'n' we've got to give 'em a lift

was ordered to follow immediately in the rear possibilities of the soldiers. Leaving bullet of Carliu. Johnston's army and line of earth- and shell and bayonet out of the account, the works were scarcely more than six miles dis- successful manner in which men withstood the tant from the place where Morgan encamped tests of endurance to which they were subon the night of the 18th. For that reason Car- | jected was simply marvelous. Excessive and lin had hardly given room for Morgan to place | long protracted exertion, exposure and hunger his command in motion on the road, when his | destroyed the lives of many thousands, but other thousands are to-day illustrations of what a man may pass through and yet live. It is often said that those were "the times that tried men's souls," but a cloud of witnesses will sustain the additional statement that they tried men's bodies as well. Indeed, to those who marched so many weary miles, the familiar quotation would seem more applicable if the last word were spelled "soles."

It was often demonstrated that men could endure more than horses, or even mules. On those long and arduous marches, day and night, through cold and storm, with but scant rations, the soldiers plodded along, patiently and even cheerfully, while the animals lay down by the roadside with their beels in the air and forever ceased from their labors. So it was that when supplies ran short the horses and mules were first provided for. A cavalryman was always expected to have his horse fed and cared for, whether he got anything himself or not. When there was a job of hauling that was too heavy for the mules the men were called to their assistance, and the result never failed to prove

"That 'll be jest fun, to march with the wagins," said Corporal Klegg to Shorty, as they were getting their breakfast. "We'll pile our knapsacks 'n' things on 'n' make the males haul 'em, 'n' we'll have a picnic."

"Don't be too sure o' that," replied Shorty. 'Better wait t'll night 'n' see how ye feel by that time. I guess ye wont be quite so frisky as ye are this mornin'. I've got a notion how t'Il be to-day, 'n' my advice is to fill yerself up with grab, 'cause ye'll need it 'fore ye git

It was not necessary to tell Si to do this, because he always did it. His appetite was a | did their "level best" to swell the din. hardtack and bacon. As long as the rations outfit. Si, by reason of his rank, was in charge, screaming to the men to remember their sufferheld out there was little danger that he would and determined to spare no effort to bring the ing country. He confidentially informed the waste away.

not yet been invented. The 200th Indiana stepped off at a lively gait.

in the fresh morning air, the band playing "John Brown's Body," "Red, White and Blue," and other airs calculated to stimulate the flagand weak in the knees.

permitted to have brass-hands. The 200th had, when stopping for a brief rest, the teamster the glorious career that was anticipated for it, | This was prompted by seeing the men comfortthis congregation of patriots started on its ably walking without their customary burdens. the job was done. The rope was fastened to travels with a large and well-equipped band of Waiving all ceremony, he quickly jerked the each wagon successively, and was "yanked" gifted in the art of "blowing," that there was places of concealment. little need for brass borns.

town and the band struck up a lively air, the | sacks 'n' guns, 'n' ye've got to arn yer money. to a "right shoulder shift," stragglers fell orders." of a few moments' duration was ended by Van- into their places, every soldier caught the "S'posin' you puts on my traps 'n' carries strains. Every old infantryman will remember | got that he was a Corporal. In this lattle the 16th III. lost about 75 men, how it gladdened his heart and seemed to "Ye'd better be a little keerful," said the killed and wounded, out of a total force present lighten his load when he heard the band play. | teamster, "er ye'll git them stripes snatched for duty of 340. Thus it will be perceived that Nor can be ever forget how at night, when off n yer arms. You hear me!" not all of the Union losses at Bentonville were | quiet had settled down upon the bivouse, his | Si knew that the mule-driver had the best of sustained by Carlin's Division. Also, that the very fingers and toes tingled, as the strains of the argument, and thought it wise not to conmen of Morgan's Division alone of all the "The Bowld Segar Boy" or "The Girl I Left tinue the debate. He told the men to sling Union troops engaged on the 19th held their | Behind Me" fell upon his ear; nor how the original position through the day, and passed | tears flowed unbidden down his tanned and the following night on the very ground where they began the conflict. On the following day "Annie Laurie" or "Home, Sweet Home" their lines were advanced, and, as history in- floated through the evening air, and came to

But the bands did not last long. The musi-"Gen, James D. Morgan, of Quincy, Ill., "Old cians, as a class, were not "stayers." They Jimmy," as his men delighted to call him, appeared to use up all their wind in blowing, should not be ignored in any historical sketch and didn't have any left for marching. Like at all comprehensive concerning the corps and | most of the non-combatants, they got all their armies with which he was identified as a bri- traps carried on the wagons, had no guard, gade or division commander. Though I believe | picket, fatigue or other duty to perform, and he was not a graduate of any military institu- were popularly believed to have a "soft thing," tion, yet few there were, no matter what their | but they always made more fuss than anybody early training had been, who could excel him | else. They thought they ought to have carin the management of a division of troops- | riages to ride in, and restaurants on wheels to in drill, on the march, or on the field of battle. supply them with food. They petered out

the band that was the pride of those roving Gen. Carlin's account of his narrow escapes, Hoesiers shared the fate of all the rest. The



ALL THAT WAS LEFT OF THE BAND. all of her brood that had escaped the ravages of | muskets, and plodded on.

(the same being caliber 58, for use in the Eng-lish-made Enfield rifles with which our one-the late lamented brass band of the 200th mies were armed), and with them loaded their | Indiana, the regiment is stumbling along the "Springfields" and fought and captured the stretch of bad road, and Company Q has entered A glance was enough to show that the mules, body of Confederate troops who had gained our | upon the active duties of the day. Si Klegg is

sent to the rear for ammunition, who in return- | Soon after leaving camp the column filed off ing had fallen into the hands of this detached | the pike and struck into one of those barbarous | scene of action. The men stacked arms and

the South. They do not seem to begin or end rope, big enough to anchor a ship, which had wagon was unloaded. If the weather bureau by logs and stumps and stones.

"What sort o' road 's this?" asked Si of a woman who stood swabbing her mouth with snuff at a squatter's cabin by the wayside. "Wall, it's fa'r to middlin'," was the reply. "Ye've seen better 'n' I reck'n ye've seen wuss. I 'low ye kin git through, but it'll take a pow-

erful sight o' pullin' in spots." This diagnosis of the case proved to be correct. The soldiers managed to "git through" because they always did that, but the "powerful sight o' pullin'" was an important and prominent factor in the operation.

Company Q was distributed along the regimental train, half a dozen men to each wagon. When one of the wagons "stuck," the men

Wagonmaster.

Corporal Klegg looked despairingly at his chevrons, as if he thought they ought to protect him from such indignities; but he did not deem it wise to make any more fuss about it. "I didn't 'list fer a mule!" he growled to Shorty, as they took their places at the rope. The men stretched away up the hill, like

the volunteer firemen of a generation ago hauling their "masheen" to a fire. Those who were unable to find room at the ropes swarmed around the wagon, some at the tail-board and others at the wheels, ready to lift and push when the word was given. A few, who had took hold of the wheels, the teamster cracked | not rushed with alacrity to the various posts of his whip with extra force, and threw additional | duty, were left out, and they rather seemed to | however, that this would be too mean a thing, | tectionist agitation outright. And never be-

"Are you ready? Now, altogether-Git!"

Company Q, as one man, set up a wild, un-

earthly yell and braced themselves for the tug.

Like a fusillade of pistol-shots, the teamster

piercing whoops that would have done

credit to a Comanche warrior. The Captain of

It would have been strange if such a union

almost as quickly as if it had been shot out of a

"Now for the next one!2" said the Wagon-

master. "That was well done, an' we'll snake

The boys hadu't thought of the dezen wagons

to be pulled up, and their hearts sank within

The rope was fastened to the rear of each wagon,

and the men applied their muscles to the work

of retarding its speed. They went dragging,

slipping and skating along on their gambrels

as the wagon pulled them to the bottom. It

was, if possible, worse than the getting-up pro-

A dire calamity befell the Colonel's wagon.

Near the foot of the hill one forward wheel

went into a rut and the other struck a stone,

and the effect was instantaneous. The wagon

toppled for an instant, balancing on two wheels,

and then, before aid could reach it, went over

with a mighty crash. The cover and bows

were dashed away like straws, and there was a

general spill of the load. The Colonel's mess-

chest and sundry bags and boxes containing his

table supplies were broken open and their

tempting contents exposed to the gloating eyes

of the soldiers. There were cans of preserved

fruit, and vegetables, and pickles, and lobsters,

the sight of which drove the boys half crazy.

There were also some dark looking bottles, but

what was contained therein is not known to

It was not in human power to withstand such

a temptation. We hope, and believe, that the

recording angel turned away his face and put

CONFISCATING THE WRECKAGE.

his pencil in his pocket as the boys furtively

snatched up these things and stowed them into

Si hesitated a moment, while a brief argu-

ment was going on between his heart and his

"Guess we'll have that picnic, after all!" he

By the time the Captain-who had staid at

the top of the hill to superintend operations-

reached the wreck all the loose edibles had dis-

appeared, and the men were busily engaged in

clearing away the debris, preparatory to right-

ing and reloading the vehicle. This was ac-

complished in due time, and the wagon finally

reached the end of the day's journey without

By this time it was nearly dark. The Colonel

had been long waiting for his supper, and was

in a condition bordering on starvation. Rumors

There was a sudden and alarming rise in the

temperature around headquarters when the

Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

of the disaster to the wagon had reached him,

further mishap.

said to Shorty, stuffing a box of sardines into

'em all up in jest no time."

straighten out.

the chronicler.

shouted the Wagonmaster.



THE TUG OF WAR, AS EXPERIENCED BY COMPANY Q

vehemence and fervor into his exhortations | be glad of it. These stationed themselves at to the straining, pauting mules. If all this convenient points to yell at the mules, this failed to produce the desired effect, there was a department of especial usefulness being still general muster of reinforcements. Axes, levers, | unoccupied. ropes and other appliances were brought into requisition, and the combined efforts of men and mules, with much prying and lifting and yelling, were generally successful. The yelling was considered especially valuable as an accessory. The greater the tug the louder cracked his whip as he touched up alternately everybody yelled. The shouts and exclama- the "leaders" and "swings." at the same time tory words were chiefly addressed to the mules. | plunging his long spurs into the reeking sides Those who were not within convenient earshot | of the saddle "wheeler." while from somewhere of the team went in on general principles and | in his interior there came forth a series of

wonder even to himself. He ate all of his own | Corporal Klegg, with a squad of men which, rations, and whenever a man got sick Si would of course, included Shorty, accompanied the the company pranced up and down the bill, immediately enter into negotiations for his headquarters wagon, containing the Colonel's cleaving the air with his sword, and fairly Colonel's wagon through in good shape, what- | First Lieutenant that if he should accidentally The morning meal was soon over, and after ever might be the fate of the others. The team | get in range of a mule's heels during the enthe usual amount of scrambling and yelling the | was one of the best in the train, the muletcer | gagement, he wanted to be wrapped in the old wagons were loaded and the men in line ready | was an artist in his profession, singularly gifted | flag and buried where he fell. for the road. These were the days when each in language, and for a time all went well. A company had its wagon, and tents and baggage lift and a yell now and then sufficed to keep of vocal and muscular forces did not yield imenough to run a circus. The "pup" tent had the wagon moving with a good degree of mediate results. The wagon went up that hill promptitude.

Si and Shorty chattered as they trudged mortar. When the summit was reached and ging zeal of such as were getting faint at heart | could not see them, and sliding their muskets | in among the baggage and tent poles that filled But few of the new regiments of '62 were the wagon to the very roof of the canvas. Once, however, been made an exception. In view of dismounted and went to the rear of his vehicle. blowers. The veteran regiments had found that | knapsacks from their fastenings and flung them | up by the tugging and yelling process already bands were a luxurious superfluity. Every on the ground. These were followed a moment

"Ye ought ter be 'shamed o' yerselves, ye It is true that music had charms for the lazy lubbers," he said. "There's every pound Brigade, making it necessary for his troops to the head of a regiment entered a straggling You fellers gits paid for carryin' them knap-

> step, aches and blisters were for the moment | 'em awhile, 'n' see how ye like it, while I ride forgotten, and the column went swinging ver mule!" said Si, who was inclined to be a along under the inspiration of the martial little spunky about it, and for the moment for-



"I-I'M A CORPORAL!" wagon again, being careful to snatch them off whenever the wagon stopped.

But trouble came at length. They reached a slough where the mules sank to their knees and the wheels went down to the hubs. The The wagon was immovable. After each repeated effort it was only more hopelessly bemired. A rattled the snare drum was taken in "out of the | council of war was held, and it was decided that wet" by some rebel troopers while he was eating | the only way was to unload. Half the memand, bring up a supply of cartridges for the pic at a house a mile away from camp. Other bers of the company were summoned to their

There was no alternative, and the men plunged i but it came not. The moment was critical. In fact, there wasn't much left of the band | into the mud. Half a dozen climbed upon the The enemy for the fourth or fifth time had just but the Drum-Major. He continued to strut | wagon, threw off the cover, and passed down been repulsed from our immediate front, and a in the full effulgence of his glory. But he | tents, baggage, and all the paraphernalia few hundred yards to our left, at points obscured | looked like a hen wandering about the barn- of the Colonel's "mess," The men carried from our view by the tall pines and the dense underlarsh beneath them, the battle was still yard with two or three forlorn little chicks, solid ground ahead, where they would have to solid ground ahead, where they would have to

be reloaded. Si stood with his hands in his pockets, with the evident intention of confining his efforts to "bossing" the job. The Wagonmaster, mounted on a mule, came galloping up to see what the trouble was all about. He was bustling and fussy, like all Wagonmasters, and made a great deal of noise to very little purpose. "What ar' ye standin' there for, like a bump | their haversacks. on a log?" he said to Si. "Why don't ye take

hold and do something?" "I-I'm a Corporal!" said Si. "Wall, that don't make any difference. You | for his share of the spoils of war. jest wade in an' help unload that wagon, or you wont be a Corporal any longer 'n to-morrow.' The man on the mule appeared to be master his breeches pocket. of the situation, and Si reluctantly obeyed the order.

"Thought ye'd have to come to it," said

Shorty, as Si took one corner of the Colonel's

mess-chest and went half way to his knees in the mud. As soon as it was empty the wagon was pried up and the mules succeeded in getting it upon terra firma. Then it was reloaded and started again upon its winding way. The tired and

bespattered men slung knapsacks, shouldered In some places the way was very stony and but the possibility of a raid on his commissary on the upper side of the road. There was much | imagination.

tugging and lifting, and the men became thoroughly "blown." At length a steep and rugged hill was reached. unaided, could not pull up the load, and that a

PISO'S CURE FOR would be necessary. The whole of Company Q was ordered to the country roads or trails that are so common in stripped off their accounterments. A long, stout

anywhere in particular. Often the devious been provided for such, an emergency, was had been in operation then and there, it would course runs through swamps and over rough | fastened in the middle to the pole of the wagon | have displayed the storm flag over the territory hills, the path filled with ruts and obstructed | and run out ahead in two lines a hundred feet | occupied by Company Q, warning its members to look out for an immediate cyclone. "Every man to the ropes!" shouted the

promptly. Do not delay an instant!" Shorty, half expecting something of this nawould take. He hurried back to the company quick as possible.

seen!" he said. ersacks and pockets the fruits of their pillage. Their first impulse was to put them into and they hurriedly hid them under a log.

They were not a moment too soon, for the order "Fall in, Company Q." was already being shouted by the Orderly. The company

Put the Tub Over the Bog. was marched to headquarters, where the Colonel ordered every one to be searched, himself giving personal attention to the operation. The of half the men in the company. "Ah! Corporal Klegg, I'm glad that none of

this stuff was found on you!" said the Colonel to his "model soldier," in whose faithful and kindly interest. "I shall not forget you, sir." Si's face became as red as a boiled beet, but it was growing dusk, and if the Colonel noticed mended. Si didn't say anything.

was the Colonel's wrath appeased. Si's conscience smote him that night, and he wanted to carry the plunder and put it where the Colonel's cook would find it in the morning, but Shorty said there was no danger of well cat it up. So they went off behind a tree and had their "picnic." "Si," said Shorty, as he took a mouthful of she asked.

canned lobster, "its jest 's I've told ye before;



"THE SUTLER GIVE 'EM TO HIM!" these things aint so bad as they seem, purvidin' ye don't git ketched. Do ye know whar the Colonel got them things?"

"No, I s'pose he bought 'em, didn't he?" said Si, innocently. "Nary time," was the reply. "The Sutler give 'em to him fer the privilege o' skinnin' us boys!"

#### The Winchester Club.

them at the prospect. But in an hour or so Toledo, O., has a unique organization in the shape of a "Winehester Club," made up of the survivors of Shields's Division, which whipped described. The teams had, however, an obvi-Stonewall Jackson at Winchester, Va., March company soon developed men who were so later by the guns, which he drew from their ous advantage over the men. Each of them 23, 1852. The bulk of the resident members had to pull up but once, while the men had to belonged to the 67th Ohio and Battery H, 1st apply their energies a dozen times. Si Klegg O. L. A., which were Toledo organizations. The noticed this odious discrimination, and it led | club meets every year on the anniversary of soldier. In the early days of the war, when on that wagin that them 'ere mules kin pull. him to remark to Shorty that on the whole he | the victory, smokes cob pipes, eats hardtack believed he'd rather be a mule than a soldier. | and pork, drinks black coffee, listens to papers, Once the experiment of doubling teams was speeches, stories, etc., and has no end of a good effect was magical. Bent backs involun- Ef I cotch ye puttin' 'em on the wagin agin I'll tried, and 12 mules were strung out ahead of time. This year there will be a carefully-pretarily straightened up, arms were brought report ye to the Colonel. Ye knows it's agin | the wagon. But they proved unmanageable, pared history of Shields's Division read by a genuity of half a dozen talented teamsters to

I Want a Wife.

By the time the last wagon was at the top | To THE EDITOR: I desire to be married to a the men were thoroughly "tuckered out," as | next, domestic young lady between the age of they expressed it. The day was warm, and | 22 and 23; or little older or little younger will perspiration streamed from every pore. But do. I am an American by birth, occupation a there had already been so much delay that farmer, age 27, five feet six inches in hight, here), without being considered sick, that had luck there was no time to be lost. Slinging their blue eyes, light brown hair. I have a farm of may be mine the remainder of my life, so help me loads upon their aching backs they started on. | 160 acres. Would like to correspond with some | God. It was not long till the road led down the young lady. Every letter shall be answered.

John F. Clink, Park Rapids, Hubbard Co.,

John F. Clink, Park Rapids, Hubbard Co., that it was not considered safe to trust to the | Minn. brakes, and the former operation was reversed.

A French Trick.

A French nobleman played a game of ecarte with a foreign Count. The latter won, and the Frenchman pulled out 10,000 francs and handed them to the winner, who quietly secured them in his pocket-book and went home. Early himself, and so a small boy and a big fron spoon next morning a gentleman of aristocratic bear- were employed. The boy had no sinecure, for the ing and decorated with the order of the Legion l'Honneur was shown into the apartment of the foreign Count, who was still asleep. "Monsieur," he said in tones trembling with excite- dog some days ago. His mother said that in the ment, "you hold in your hands the honor of a | old country the "lights and hair of the dog that bit whole family." "Indeed!" "Kindly tell me, you" were a sure preventive against hydrophobia was it you who played with M. de H?" "Yes." You won 10,000 frauds, and he paid you." Yes, in bank notes, and I have them here." Well, sir, the notes are false. Last night we heard of the nefarious practices of our relative, and I came in heaven's name to ask you exchanged the notes. In the evening he was not a little surprised to meet his opponent at the club, and to be asked to give | the piano. his pocket the exchanged notes he had received in the morning. They were false. The gentleman with the decoration was a notorious French swindler.

They Wouldn't Have Left A Chicken. [Chicago Ledger.]

In March, 1864, Gen. A. J. Smith was sent from Vicksburg, with about 10,000 men, to join from Vicksburg, with about 10,000 men, to join den. Banks, in what was known as the Red River expedition. Gen. Banks had a corps or whose face was well swathed in bandages that River expedition. Gen. Banks had a corps or more of Eastern troops. Gen. Smith's troops were all Western men. The "old boys" need not be told that the Western men were good foragers, and that Gen. Smith knew it. We were generally known among the Eastern troops as "Old Smith's Guerrillas." Gen, Smith one day called at Gen. Banks's headquarters, who, after the business at hand had been attended to, suddenly broke out:

"Say, Gen. Smith, I think some of your guerrillas stole my chickens last night." "H'm, I guess not, General." "But, Gen. Smith, the evidence is pretty conclusive."

"Why, how many chickens had you?" "About twenty." "About twenty! And you think my boys have stolen them all?" "All but three or four," replied Gen. Banks

"H'm! My dear General," now I know it could not have been done by any of my men, for stomach. The latter prevailed, and Si went in | if it had been they wouldn't have left a d-d chicken." Her Revenge Was Terrible.

> [Pittsburg Chronicle.] "Here is rather a sad incident in the paper,

my dear," said Squildig. "What is it? asked his wife. "A Bohemian girl at Chicago committed suicide to spite her lover, who had offended her." "The foolish girl! I wouldn't have taken out my spite in that way."

"What would you have done?" "I'd have married him." And Squildig went down-town wondering how he had offended his wife before they were married.

Unheard-of Impudence. [Texas Siftings.] "I've had just about as much of your impudence as I am going to stand," said Mrs. Judge

Peterby to Matilda Snowball. "Foah de Lord, dis am de berry fust time has opened my mouf dis mawning.' "That's neither here nor there. Last night I dreamt about you. If there is any dreaming to be done its your business to dream about me, and I should even regard that as a piece of impertinence. You be careful from now on,"

State Granaries for England. [Pall Mall Gazette.]

The Miller of recent date recalls to our mind the whole story of Joseph-not Joseph at Whitehall, but Joseph in Egypt. The decrease "Adjutant!" thundered the Colonel, "have of wheat cultivation in this country, due to the Company Q formed at once, with haversacks low price which has ruled in late years, is, acand knapsacks, and march 'em to headquarters, | cording to the Miller, gradually developing a serious danger to the nation, and a big war, it is argued, would assuredly produce terrible disture, had been smart enough to loiter about | tress among our people, for the price of foreign the Colonel's quarters to see what shape things | brought wheat would go up at a great bound, consequent on the inevitable rise in freight and told Si to "get shut" of his plunder as and insurance, not to speak of the mischief of which the enemy might be capable. The Mil-"There's goin' ter be the biggest row ye ever | ler, under these circumstances, strongly advocates a "policy of Joseph." In other words, it Si and Shorty hastily took out of their hav- starts a movement for the introduction of State granaries, sufficient to assure the country one year's wheat supply against any contingency. some other fellow's haversack. They agreed, This scheme, it maintains, would kill the profore was there a better opportunity to initiate

> Put the Tub Over the Bog. [Leavenworth (Kan.) Times.]

The heroic conduct of Miss Lubinsky, who lives between Newton and McPherson, in savnet result was a miscellaneous heap of cans | ing the lives of two children last Thursday and bottles and boxes taken from the persons | who were attacked by a mad-dog, is worthy of commendation. Miss Lubinsky and two little girls were going along, the young woman carrying a washtub, when they were met by the log, which first attacked one of the children. efficient performance of duty he felt such a The young woman ran to the child's assistance and drove the dog away. It then jumped at the other child and the young woman went to its rescue, when the dog attacked her. She it at all he doubtless imagined it to be the blush | with great presence of mind managed to get of pride at being again so conspicuously com- the dog down on the ground and the washtub over and upon him, and so held him until some Details from Company Q did all the hard, men came to her assistance and killed the aniextra duty of the regiment for a week. Thus | mal. It was a narrow escape for the entire

She Followed Him Up.

[Texas Siftings.] Col. Witherspoon, of Austin, Tex., has a their being found out now, and they might as happy knack of saying mean things to his wife, with whom he does not live very happily. "Did you hear about Mrs. Gateswinger?

> "No, what's the matter with her?" asked Witherspoon.

" She is dead. Her husband died three weeks ago and now she has followed him to that bourne from which no traveler e'er returns. Just think of it, only three weeks' difference between their deaths." "The poor devil! Why, great gosh, he didn't

get any vacation after all, so to speak."

A Good Dog Story. Setter Van of Macon, Ga., is well known as one of the best bird dogs of the land; but now he has immortalized himself. His master was exercising him in a field where a drove of cattle were grazing, and Van came to a point in beautiful form. While his master was walkslowly up, enjoying the sight, a big bull walked out from the drove and advanced upon the motionless dog with great confidence. To his and brushed the extended tail with his nose. Then Van gave evidence of being alive by curling the tail deftly between his legs, but otherwise remained as motionless as a graven image. Somewhat emboldened by this success, the bull, apparently still in doubt, slowly put his horns under Van's hind legs and carefully lifted them a couple of feet from the ground. Van never flinched. Just then the birds arose and the master fired, whereupon the dog turned upon that bull with fury, and chased him until he had fully avenged the insult.

The Threat,-"Brown's Brouchial Troches " act directly on the organs of the voice. They have an extraordinary effect in all disorders of the throat.

### PERSONS AND THINGS.

- Mrs. Fizzletop overheard her son Johnny swear ke a trooper. "Why Johnny," she exclaimed, who taught you to swear that way?" "Taught me to swear?" exclaimed Johnny; "why it's me who teaches the other boys."—Texas Sifiings.
—It is better to be alone in the world than to bring a boy up to play on the accordion.-Texas

- The innate modesty of newspaper men is shown by the fact that a Texas editor killed three men the ther day, and in altoding to the incident afterward scknowledged that he only tried to kill one.-New

Haven News. plenging and kicking and tying themselves comrade who carried a musket for three years for fuel this Summer. It is said that a ton of flax in the Sth Ohio. - Alexander G. Drake, a colored carpenter, of Louisville, is coming into prominence as a Temperance revivalist. He is 59 years old, an ex-slave, and is said to be doing good. His plan of work is to secure signers to a pledge which binds them for three months, a year, or for life, as they may elect. The ledge is unique, and reads: "I do sincerely hope

days causes an intolerable itching, followed by burning pain in the skin for some days. The cause of this is found to be the minute spicules of sponges which once grew in the ponds and remain in enor-- The champion hog, that was killed in Rhinebeck, N. Y., the other day, in the presence of 3,000 persons, for weeks before his death had to be fed with a spoon. He was so fat that he could not feed hog ate half a barrel of swill daily, but the boy

learned to love the fat hog, and wept bitterly when he was slaughtered. - Little Mike Connelly was bitten by a yellow and so Mr. Connelly killed the yellow dog, and bound the lungs and some of the hair on the wound,

## Mike is doing well, with no signs of rables.

FOR THE LADIES. - Barbara Robinson, a little, uneducated, nineto exchange them for 10 others I have year-old negro girl, of West Point, Ga., bids fair to brought." The noble foreigner at once rival Blind Fom as a pianist. She plays with wonderful correctness any composition that she has once heard. Like Tom, she seems oblivious to everything else when listening to music or playing revenge. The foreigner curtly refused, which - A witty lady, who is, however, sometimes given led to an explanation. The Count drew from | to exaggeration, was trying to tell a friend what a poor appetite she had, and said: "I eat very little;

i flea would be a barbecue for me. - Miss Kitty Austin, 83 years old, stepped over from her home in Clarksburg, Md., to Rockville, on Friday, to call on some friends. These villages are just 14 miles apart.

— One of the boarders in an Augusta (Me.) boarding-house was annoyed at finding that some one was smoking his favorite meerschaum pipe. So he loaded it carefully with a mixture of powder and tobacco and went to business. When he returned covered powder marks. As for the pipe, that had totally disappeared.

# Care for the Children

Children feel the debility of the changing seasons, even more than adults, and they become cross, pecvish and uncontrollable. The blood should be cleansed and the system invigorated. by the use of Hood's Saramarilla. Give it a trial. "Last spring my two children were vaccinated, Soon after, they broke all out with running sores, so dreadfu! I thought I should lose them. Hood's Sarsaparilla cured them completely; and they have been healthy ever since. I do feel that Hood's Sarsaparilla saved my children to me," Mas. C. L. Thompson, West Warren, Mass.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Sold by all druggists. \$1: six for \$5. Made only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass. 100 Doses One Dollar



Knights of Labor Badge. The correct article. New, fine goods; rolled Gold Plate. Thousands can be sold. Sample 25c. 1 dozen, \$1.75 (by Mail). AGENTS WANTED. New England Novelty M'f'g Co., 24 Portland St., Buston.

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UNMARRIED persons should join the Nerthwest-err Mutual Endowment Society, 319 Nicollet Avenue Minneapolis, Minn., and receive \$1,000 when married. Circulars free. Mention The National Tribune.

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THE NATIONAL LIFE AND MATURITY AS-SOCIATION OF WASHINGTON, D. C., held its Second Annual Meeting Feb. 22, 1886. All the

former Officers and Directors were re-elected for the en-suing year. The following is a summary of the President's Annual Report of the financial condition of the Company. U. S. 4 per cent. bonds. Loans on real estate and collateral....... Cash on hand and in bank

Claims due and unpaid, none. Total number of poli-The Company enters upon the new year with bright See their advertisement on another page of this paper.

astonishment the dog didn't stir. The bull stopped, looked surprised, and took a few more steps. Then he stopped and looked and again advanced, and so by degrees he reached the dog and brushed the extended tail with his pose and brushed the extended tail with his pose.

Smoking Tobacco. Endorsed by Gen. W. S. Rosecrans, Gen. Paul Van Der Voort, Gen. Geo. S. Merrill. age in tin foil.



WE WANT ACTIVE AGENTS to sell the Renner Combined Alarm and Door Bell in every county in the United States and Camala. George C. Owens, Modesta, Cal., says: "I have canvassed one day and took 22 orders." In the same letter he ordered wo gross. Wm. McKim, of Grand Haven, Mich., says is "took 13 orders in 10 hours." Profit on Bell, \$1.50. In our EXTRAORDINARY OFFICE to Agents we agree to take back all Bells unsold, if the Agent fails to clear \$1.25.00 in





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